

THE QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS



25 Cents

THE NATIONAL PASS-TIME!

Covering the nation's capital these days means that Washington news photographers must carry 15 or more passes and credentials, as illustrated here by Gene Abbott, Associated Press cameraman.

—Wide World photo

JUNE, 1943

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AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

AFTER asking that his QUILL address be changed, Stuart Newman (Florida '43), now an aviation student at Concord College, Athens, W. Va., tells this one:

"I heard a story about one of our former Sigma Delta Chi pledges which might be passed on. This youth, a former journalism student at Florida who had worked as a sports correspondent, was called into the Army in April as a member of the Enlisted Reserve Corps.

"The second day he was lined up in the company street and the first sergeant asked if any ex-newspapermen were in the company. Scouting a soft press relations job, this lad stepped out.

"So you're a newspaperman, eh?" barked the sergeant. "Well, get out there and pick up all of those papers from that field!"

Which reminds us of a bit of advice we heard a veteran of the last war pass along to a new inductee in this way: "Don't never volunteer for nothing!"

NOTING the absence of "As We View It" and our explanation we simply haven't had the time to write that department recently, Ensign Charles Duncan, USNR, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., writes:

"I have little patience with those who lament the waning influence of the editorial. In cases where their power has declined—and there have been many such, no doubt—it is the editorialist's fault. It was encouraging to note Richard Powell Carter's recent observation in THE QUILL that the editorial page is again coming into its own."

Ensign Duncan, formerly of the University of Nevada's journalism faculty and author of "Reporters in Reno," which appeared in THE QUILL last October, also had a good word for Floyd E. Baskette's "When Johnny Comes Marching Home to the City Room," which appeared in the March issue. He described it as "thought-stimulating," which indeed it was.

THE United Press recently had an interesting squib about Capt. Phil Porter (Ohio State '20) former news editor of the Cleveland (O.) Plain Dealer. It went:

"Capt. Phil Porter, of Cleveland, O., public relations officer at an advanced air force headquarters, received a delayed letter asking him if he would be interested in a position with the War Department's review branch of public relations. He replied that since he was busy in Africa any interest he had in the offer was 'purely academic.'"

[Concluded on page 18]

They're Doing a Great Job, Those Youthful and Veteran



Barry Faris

Headline Hunters on Fighting Fronts

By BARRY FARIS

Editor-in-Chief, International News Service

WILL the gentleman who said there would never be another Richard Harding Davis please stand up? I would like to pin an award on his chest. The award is first prize in the wrong guessing contest.

Another Richard Harding Davis? Another Floyd Gibbons?

Why, there are dozens of them today. The disciples of the school that maintains that the day of colorful and distinguished war reporting is past should get out and see for themselves. I think they would quickly enroll in another academy.

MY first nominee for such honors is six-foot-seven-inch Richard Tregaskis, author of that best seller "Guadalcanal Diary." Dick has been back home on a short furlough after more than a year of tremendously exciting reporting of the war in the South Pacific. He is being feted, wined and dined but already is champing at the bit. He wants to get back into action. He doesn't want to miss a single development of the war raging on so many fronts. By the time this is published he probably will be on his way back to one of the most active areas.

In that year in the Pacific, here are some of the assignments Tregaskis covered:

Accompanied the first Marines who landed on Guadalcanal.

Watched General Doolittle's fliers take off from the carrier for their bombing mission over Tokyo.

Made innumerable trips in Flying Fortresses on bombing missions in the Solomon Islands.

Crawled up to the front lines to watch the Marines battle the Japs on many occasions.

AS you may surmise, this chap Tregaskis isn't the type of reporter who is content to remain back at headquarters and file his stories from the official hand-

outs. He goes out with the men who do the actual fighting to see for himself just what is happening.

On my recent trip through the South Pacific, I saw firsthand what Tregaskis was doing. I talked to scores of officers who knew him intimately and who had observed him under fire on many occasions. One of these officers, a wiry, stout-hearted little commander of a group of Marine raiders, told me:

"If that fellow [pointing to Tregaskis] wasn't such a great writer and doing such a great job of reporting I would take him away from you. He would make a splendid addition to our outfit."

To appreciate what a real tribute that constituted, you would have to understand something about the Marine raiders. They are one of the finest groups of fighting men in the world today. They are all picked men who volunteer for the most dangerous type of work. It is a great honor even to be considered for a job with one of those outfits.

A naval officer who was aboard a warship on which Tregaskis was assigned

for a while mentioned the I.N.S. star, during a speech, as "one of the fightingest, eatingest" men he had ever seen. One of the reporters covering the speech later approached the officer and asked him to elaborate on the "fightingest" angle. The officer didn't have much to say about it, but what he did say spoke volumes. He simply replied: "You don't think those fellows carry typewriters with them when they go along on battle missions, do you?"

TREGASKIS tells a good yarn on himself in connection with his experiences with the Marines on Guadalcanal. He was most anxious to get up to the very front line and get a look-see at some actual fighting. He finally won permission to go to an advanced outpost. To get there he had to crawl the last 50 yards.

When he got to the outpost, he found a Marine veteran manning a machine gun. "Keep your head down, buddy," the Marine said. "There's a sniper over there who'll blow your brains out."

The Marine seemed quite interested in the white "C" on a green arm band the

GLOWING tribute is paid in this article to war correspondents on many fronts who are doing such an outstanding job of making the folks back home realize what the men in the jungles of the South Pacific and on battle fronts in other areas are going through.

Barry Faris, editor-in-chief of International News Service and a vice-president of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, recently completed a 30,000-mile trip through the South Pacific, where he visited correspondents in the field and the armed services to which they are attached.

"BF" probably knows and is known to as many newspapermen as anyone else in journalism. And he has picked and assigned as many men to important journalistic posts as any other man in the profession. Before he joined the INS staff, he had worked in St. Joseph, Mo., where he "broke in"; Fort Worth, Los Angeles, Denver and Indianapolis. He was one of the small group that helped build INS into a world-wide organization and has supplied a large share of the force, drive and inspiration that has gone into that organization.

As editor-in-chief of INS, he has roamed the world, writing from time to time, keeping posted on trends throughout the world and visiting the "boys" he selected and groomed for the important posts they hold. His staff, to the last man, as one of them put it in speaking of him, "will go the limit for Barry."

correspondent wore. "You're a newspaperman, huh," he said. Tregaskis assured him he was. The Marine asked: "Did your editor order you to come up here?" Tregaskis admitted that he hadn't been ordered there but had gone up on his own to see what he could find out. The Marine snorted rather derisively, Dick said, and added: "And I thought newspapermen were supposed to be smart."

I had the very pleasant experience of taking out to Dick the first copy of his book "Guadalcanal Diary." I met him on a South Pacific island. I have seen many fond fathers gazing rapturously at their first born, but I never saw anyone look with more delight upon an offspring than Dick bestowed upon that bound volume. He sat on an Army cot, looking it over and thumbing through the pages with what seemed almost caresses.

THE old gag about what a small world this is was never better exemplified than it was a little later. A youngster, Lieut. Russell Bright, who was graduated from the University of Missouri a couple of years ago, was serving with a Marine outfit stationed near by. I had met him during "Journalism Week" at Missouri a few years ago.

He heard I was in the vicinity, and he called to invite Dick and me to ride out to his camp and have chow with him. I was on the verge of explaining that I had other plans for that night when I felt the pressure of one of Dick's feet. I looked up and caught the sign of "yes" on Dick's lips, so I accepted the invitation. After the Lieutenant left, I asked Dick about it.

"I was afraid you might say 'no,'" he told me, "and I didn't want to miss out on that chow. That camp has the reputation of serving the best out here."

When we reached the camp, a couple of Marine officers walked over to where the three of us were enjoying some cold beer. One of them spoke to me:

"I don't believe you remember me," he said. "I'm Brooks Peters. I used to be with the New York Times in Berlin, and I recall meeting you there."

I did recall him, quite well, and we were soon engaged in a bull session. He had introduced the officer with him as Lieut. Milton Spurling. I turned to Lieut. Spurling during the conversation and, indicating Tregaskis, said: "He is the author of that best seller on the Marines, 'Guadalcanal Diary.'"

"You don't say," was the answer. "Now isn't that one for Ripley. I bought that story for Twentieth Century Fox, to be made into a movie."

From then on, for an extended period, we all sat back and listened while Tregaskis put Spurling through a cross examination on what kind of movie they were going to make out of the book.

OUT in Australia I have another nominee for the Richard Harding Davis stakes. He is Lee Van Atta, probably one of the youngest and most brilliant of American



The above picture was made during the 30,000-mile swing through the South Pacific recently completed by Barry Faris, editor-in-chief of *International News Service*, and vice-president of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity. The tall chap on the left is Richard Tregaskis, star *INS* correspondent and author of the best-seller "Guadalcanal Diary"; Lieut. Russell F. F. Bright, of the Marine Corps, is in the center, and Faris on the right.

correspondents now in the field. Only a few years out of school, Van Atta already is a seasoned veteran. He was one of the first, if not the very first, American correspondents to reach Australia after the United States suffered the sneak attack at Pearl Harbor.

Following a cub experience on the Santa Barbara News-Press and a brief period of service on the Los Angeles Examiner, Van Atta went to Honolulu, where he worked on newspapers for a few months before Dec. 7, 1941. We were looking for good men in that area at that time and engaged young Van Atta for a post on our staff at Manila.

We didn't hear from him for several weeks and were considerably worried until he flashed word of his arrival at an Australian port.

He started reporting for *I.N.S.* on that day and has worked without interruption ever since in the Southwest Pacific area. He has been on many "missions" and represented *I.N.S.* in New Guinea during the period land operations were so hot. Despite his youthful, almost boyish appearance, high ranking army officers rate him as one of the best correspondents in the field.

ANOTHER entry is the beloved Pat Robinson, the first American correspondent to reach New Guinea. Pat, a veteran of the Rainbow Division of World War fame, gave up a sports writing job in New York to go into foreign service. He made only one stipulation when he took the assignment.

"I must have an active spot," he declared. "I can't take it if you put me in one of those places where we just sit around and wait. I want to get where the going is tough and where there is plenty to write about."

That Pat found such a spot is evidenced by the fact that he, too, has written a book that promises to become a best seller. It is "The Fight for New Guinea," due in the book stores any day now.

Pat is a veteran of many missions in the New Guinea area. He has lived with American fliers in camp for months at

a time. His stories on the experiences of these American warriors have made history. An incident revealing how well Pat is liked and in what esteem he is held by the boys he writes about was afforded me on my trip out that way.

I was in Australia, in a city a couple of thousand miles away from New Guinea, when I encountered a couple of young American combat fliers, boys hardly out of their teens but both with several months of fighting experience behind them.

Noticing the well-known "C" on my arm, one of them asked if I was an American. Then he said: "Do you know Pat Robinson?" I said I did, and the two lads became most friendly.

"Listen, fellow," one of them declared, "if you are a good friend of Pat Robinson you can stay with us. Any friend of Pat's is our friend. We have the best chow of any outfit, and you're most welcome to come along with us. We're going back tonight."

I was sorry I couldn't accept the invitation, although later I did get to visit their camp.

GEORGE LAIT, son of the famous Jack Lait, editor of the New York Daily Mirror, is another correspondent who has written history.

George went all through the African campaign with Gen. Montgomery's army. Lait was with the army in the field almost constantly. He was wounded twice, but after a few day's treatment in a field hospital he insisted on sticking with the army. He had started with it and wanted to be in on the finish—as he was. A year's campaign in the North African desert is no picnic, as any of the boys coming back from there will tell you.

Clark Lee, whose book, "They Call It Pacific," is now mounting the best seller lists, is another famous correspondent who has inscribed his name on the honor roll of war reporters. Lee's stories of Gen. MacArthur's valiant stand on Bataan will long stand as examples of some of the finest reporting ever done in any war.

[Continued on page 14]

A Spare-Time Scribe Scores As Analyst of the War News

By NIEL PLUMMER

IF YOU had been a reader of a column which now appears in more than 50 community newspapers in Kentucky each week, the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and other American possessions would not have necessarily surprised you.

As a matter of fact, a considerable number of other developments in the current war would have found you forewarned, because the writer of this column, a University of Kentucky historian and amateur journalist, has had the courage and foresight to put history, current news reports and interpretation together, and present the answer in print. And the news that he uses is drawn only from those channels open to the average mid-western newspaper reader and radio listener.

This columnist is Dr. Charles Merriam Knapp, professor of history at the University of Kentucky, Lexington. Now in his fourth year of column writing, he has seen his original 1939 heading of "What's Happening in Europe" change finally to the current "The World at War."

Each column presents briefly the significant news of the previous week, explains why it is significant, and offers any interpretation that the combination of history, geography, military practice and politics may yield. In a sense it is a week-by-week application of so-called geopolitics to the current news, and Kentucky newspaper readers like it.

TAKE, for example, the question of Japanese-American relations in the weeks before Pearl Harbor. On Oct. 26, 1941, Dr. Knapp told his readers that "unless Japanese foreign policy is quickly modified . . . the occasion for the outbreak of war in the Pacific cannot be long postponed."

Two weeks later he pointed out that in spite of the Japanese special envoy en route to the United States, war was near. The next week he summed up in these words, "Japan will fight rather than lose face throughout the whole of eastern Asia."

Thus, weeks in advance of Pearl Harbor, Dr. Knapp laid the interpretative foundations for the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

In the African campaign, too, Dr. Knapp was ahead of the news. On Oct. 5, 19 and 26, 1942, he considered the prospects for a major winter military campaign in the Mediterranean and the gains which would accrue to the United Nations from the occupation of the French North African colonies.

Thus, he was able to write on Nov. 9, "As this column has been predicting for weeks, American and British land, air, and naval forces finally commenced a great campaign for control of French Africa and the Italian provinces of Libya and Tripoli, early Sunday morning, Nov. 9."

OF COURSE he hasn't scored every time. He didn't expect Hitler to make war on the Soviet Union as early as June, 1941, but he maintained all along in his columns that war between Germany and the U.S.S.R. was inevitable before Europe would be at peace.

If he makes a mistake, he admits it. Thus he wrote Sept. 6, 1941, beginning his third year of copy:

"This column has made its share of errors. It has no inside sources of information. It merely undertakes to summarize, briefly, the news of the week and to interpret as best it can the events as they have been publicly announced."

In the word *interpret* is found the key



Dr. Charles Merriam Knapp

Dr. Knapp, professor of history at the University of Kentucky, writes a weekly column on world events which appears in some 50 community papers in Kentucky.

to his ideas on news and news policy in these war times.

WHAT the American people want and need now in their newspapers is not more news of the SPOT variety, but less," Dr. Knapp will tell you when discussing his column.

The flood of spot news of varied importance serves only to confuse the reader and hide from him the significant development when it comes, he maintains.

He also takes to task the headline writer who too often, through lack of understanding or overenthusiasm, distorts the news.

Thus, it is not surprising at all to Dr. Knapp that officials find it necessary from time to time to warn the American people against over-optimism. The continual headlining of isolated actions of armed forces, overstressing their importance by the display given them, can lead only to unjustified optimism and consequent disillusionment of the reader, he believes. Confusion follows naturally when the true significance of the news finally is revealed.

"RIGHT now," he declares, "the spot news method of covering the war is being practiced by most newspapers." However, he believes that a more equitable balance of interpretation and spot reporting may not be far away. As evidence he cites the daily news roundups by press associations with interpretive paragraphs, and some of the work of syndicated columnists.

Dr. Knapp releases his copy through the Public Relations Bureau of the University every Monday morning. He thereby keeps his material abreast of the news.

KENTUCKY community newspapers, totaling more than 50, carry an outstanding column on world affairs which is prepared for them weekly by Dr. Charles Merriam Knapp, professor of history at the University of Kentucky. Dr. Knapp is the subject of the accompanying article-interview by Niel Plummer, head of the Department of Journalism at the University of Kentucky.

Dr. Plummer, who received his A.B. and M.A. degrees from the University of Kentucky and his Ph.D. from the University of Wisconsin, began newspaper work on Desha Breckenridge's Lexington (Ky.) Herald in 1925; resigned as city editor in 1930; organized and directed the sports activities publicity bureau at the University of Kentucky; covered the Lexington area for International News Service and taught part-time at Kentucky 1930-33 and has been a full-time staff member in journalism since 1933.

Between Stories With an Outstanding Washington

AFTER 38 years as a reporter, editor, Washington correspondent and columnist, Arthur Krock, chief Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, still experiences the joy of newcomers to journalism—his heart leaps when he sees his story in print.

Krock holds one of the best jobs in American journalism today. Fate and hard work both had much to do with his getting there. Born with a desire to write, years of working under two of America's greatest editors—Henry Watterson and Frank I. Cobb—and opportunities coming just when his current job was "killing" his spirit, all went into the making of the professional career of this top-notch newsman.

Arthur Krock is a very impressive person. Without knowing anything about the man, a reader of his columns in the *New York Times* would be impressed by his factual, scholarly, and analytical comments on the most important topics of the day. Anyone who knew only Krock's background would be impressed by his colorful and varied career as an American newspaperman. Those who know Krock, the man, would be impressed by his friendliness, his sureness and his knowledge.

BORN in Glasgow, Ky., Arthur spent his early life there. He recalls his grandfather reading him things from the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, which frequently included editorials by Henry Watterson. He attended Princeton University and the Lewis Institute in Chicago, but a lack of funds permanently interrupted his college training.

Lack of experience, he knew, would keep him from a job in the *Courier-Journal*. So he took a chance and convinced the city editor of the *Louisville Herald* that he was an experienced reporter. His salary was \$15 per week.

Krock did nicely for a time. But one day, the youthful reporter was sent to cover a four-alarm fire. He returned to the office without the insurance list, a clear idea of the damage or the roster of the fire companies that worked on the blaze. This was a clear indictment of his inexperience.

But the city editor liked Krock. He was not fired, instead was raised to \$18 per

Krock, of the Times

By DICK FITZPATRICK

week. When he learned that a married man was to lose his job, Krock left the paper so the family man could stay on. Krock, thereafter, was a volunteer deputy sheriff at 21 until he became a night editor for the *Associated Press* in Louisville.

"A tour of duty from eight at night until five in the morning was bleak for a boy," Krock recalls. "At the end of three years my heart and hopes were low. Those field adventures in journalism to which I had confidently aspired seemed barred to me. I thought that I was doomed to a lifetime of night editing of the factual report of the *Associated Press*."

KROCK had met the editor of the *Louisville Times*—Gen. W. B. Haldeman—at a convention. The General called him one night and asked him if he would be interested in going to Washington as the *Times*' correspondent. Krock went.

After some uncertainty in the beginning, Krock began to enjoy the work in the nation's capital. Soon he became interested in the long-term view of the daily happenings. He did a good job, for in two years he was made the correspondent of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, which was owned by the same people who owned the *Times*.

When Krock came to Washington, newspaper reporting was not the systematic and dignified task that it is today. A

New York Herald Tribune reporter wrote a story about Congressman Robert Thomas, of Kentucky, who frequently enjoyed the elation derived from a bottle. The Congressman from the Kentucky backwoods carried a long knife in his shoe, and he threatened to cut the newsman into little pieces.

The *Herald Tribune* reporter met the Congressman in the Old House Office building one day. The Congressman was feeling good; so the reporter put a bag of trash in the Congressman's way, and he stumbled. The reporter jumped on the man's chest, and every time the Congressman would start swearing at him, the reporter would tell him to shut up and slap him in the face.

This was a hot story for the *Louisville papers*. Krock wrote it and filed it. He got a phone call, and the voice said, "Listen, you — — —, if you write anything about me I'll come down and cut you to little pieces." Nothing happened to Krock for, although he didn't know it, it was only the *Herald Tribune* reporter who called, but that's a sample of reporting in Washington before the last war!

KROCK began having contact with the *C.J.'s* editor—Henry Watterson—for the veteran was beginning to base some of his editorials of Krock's dispatches.

After editing the *Courier-Journal* for 50 years, Watterson retired in 1919. He was a great influence on Krock. Arthur selected and wrote comments on a collection of Watterson's writings, called "The Editorials of Henry Watterson." The great editor did not believe that editorials had any interest after they were published. However, there was a great demand for an anthology. Watterson put off getting the book together while he wrote "Marse Henry, An Autobiography." He died before the collection was started.

Krock undertook the task of collecting the editorials of 50 years of writing because Watterson said that he wanted Krock to be his "literary executor." This was a labor of love for Krock, who worked under Watterson's eye for many years and enjoyed his kindest favor.

The Capitol,
Washington, D. C.



Correspondent—

As has been the experience of several of the better known Washington correspondents, Krock was recalled to take over the job of editing the papers. In 1915, Krock was named the managing editor of both the *Times* and the *Courier-Journal*.

When war came, Secretary of War Baker offered him a major's commission. His job was to have been collecting domestic war information for the high command in France. But Arthur wanted to stay at his newspaper job. He went to France in the autumn of 1918 as a correspondent for the two papers and stayed to cover the peace conference. His articles on the conference were syndicated.

He was one of the three Americans on the Inter-Allied Press Committee of Fourteen whose pressure, exhortations and intrigues caused the Conference to have open sessions.

ON his return, he was named editor-in-chief of the *Times*. Presently he found that he was differing with the *Courier-Journal*, the policy-maker. He was disagreeing more and more with the general policies of the organization—which were no longer in Watterson's hands—or those of his old associates.

Krock is a Democrat and served as assistant to the chairman of the Democratic National Committee in charge of publicity when Cox ran for president in 1920. He was aided by the present Senator Pat Harrison, who was in charge of the speakers bureau.

Some might think that this was a pleasant job. However, it wasn't. Krock and Harrison were always just ahead of the sheriff. Every time they opened the office in the morning, they expected to see a sheriff waiting for them with a handful of bills. Whenever they were caught short, they called Bernard Baruch, Allan Ryan, or Joe Guffey, of Pennsylvania. These men some way always were able to raise the needed money, but it was always close.

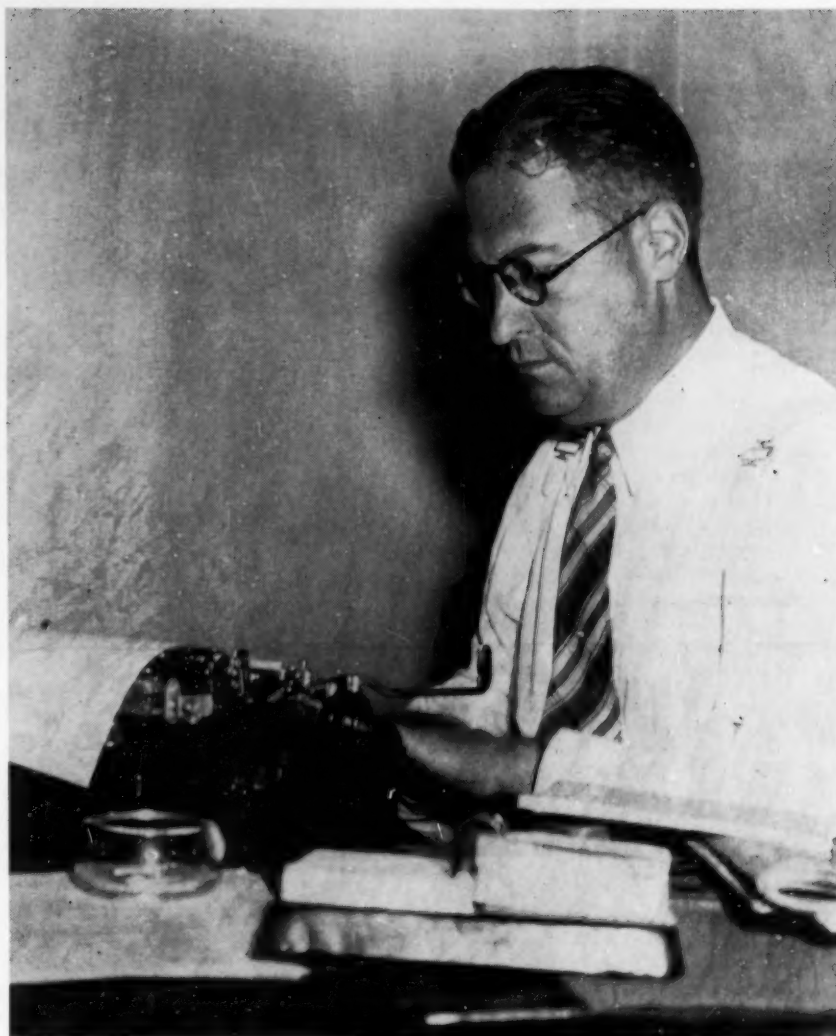
In fact, on election night, the headquarters was so broke that they couldn't afford even to send out telegrams to old helpers—an old political custom. This was Krock's major adventure in politics.

IN 1923, Krock made his long-contemplated and much-desired jump to New York. But he did not find a suitable newspaper job at once. Will Hays made a place for him in his office.

News men do not stay out of journalism long. At Cobb's request Krock began devoting several hours a day to writing editorials for the crusading *New York World*. Six months after going to New York, Krock was made assistant to the publisher, Ralph Pulitzer.

Krock was to dissect the paper daily for Pulitzer. The noted publisher was famed for his minute criticism of the paper every day. Soon the staff learned

THE QUILL for June, 1943



Arthur Krock

Head of the New York Times bureau in Washington, twice a Pulitzer Prize winner and a reporter always.

that it was Krock who was doing the examining which, Krock says smiling, "did not contribute to my popularity in the newsroom."

On May 1, 1927, Arthur Krock joined the board of editors of the *New York Times*. He wanted to keep on writing, and the *Times* let him. Not just editorials, but signed articles as a regular feature, which is a rarity on the *Times*. Arthur liked New York, and he had attained, though he does not say so, one of the most enviable spots in American journalism.

THE *TIMES* had as its chief correspondent in Washington—Richard Oulahan. When he died, the *Times* decided that it wanted Krock in his place. Krock loved New York and was well established in what he was doing, and further, he says he had been away from Washington since 1915.

"Despite my personal and professional failure to measure up to Mr. Oulahan," Krock says, "I did possess a working knowledge of politics and politicians. It was soon necessary to fortify this with a smattering of economics, for news began

to be money and statistics; anecdotes and pen pictures were perforce laid aside. But familiarity with the great national game, which even directs or attempts to direct the operation of economic laws, was a real asset—acquired through the years."

So Krock came to Washington. And shortly thereafter, the New Deal came, too.

Krock was seeing the results of the actions and decisions of years before when he was in the capital as a correspondent. Krock feels that one must never forget the human factor in the news and believes that any correspondent would be lost without association with the men and women who make the news.

Several of Krock's scoops will well illustrate his point.

KROCK knew as did all the correspondents, that the government was going to do something about gold. The question was *what*? In a telephone conversation, Krock was discussing the situation with a member of the committee working on the problem. The man asked him what he thought of the President's action.

Krock was mystified but took the boldest guess. "The gold embargo?" Krock asked. The answer was in the affirmative. He hurriedly concluded the conversation and started to work.

Krock called the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Woodin, and asked him for the date of proposed action. He was asked if it was not a bit premature. The correspondent burst into an explanation of the responsibilities of the press and was given the date.

This was a world-wide news beat. But without knowledge of the people involved and capitalizing on the inexperience of the Treasury official in dealing with the press, it probably would have been revealed in the ordinary way—at a press conference or in a press release.

Krock also broke the story of plans to solve the country's economic problems through controlled production. He and a friend were lunching with Senator Wagner, who was full of the scheme. To the Senator, it was practically a reality. To Krock, it was hot news. The *Times'* correspondent wrote the story, and a storm of denials came from every quarter. But in the long run, Krock was right. Wagner was describing the operation of the NRA, which was a reality for two years.

A recent book by a Washington correspondent referred to "the whispering gallery that is Washington." It is this characteristic of the nation's capital that gave Krock an opportunity to be of great public service.

IN 1935, nothing much was happening in Washington. And a rumor started—the kind that travels fast. "The President is a hopeless and helpless invalid." Whether it was at the Mayflower hotel at lunch or at the socially smart dinner parties, it was whispered that he was insane from drugs. And the rumor-spreaders, numerous as they were, always added that "only a few of the closest to the White House" knew.

Krock studied the rumors and then wrote, summarizing them and thus bringing them out in the open, that "he is just the same Franklin Roosevelt" and the only trouble was the same "administrative and political weaknesses which characterized him as Assistant Secretary of the Navy and as Governor." The rumor was spiked.

An NBC commentator was after the story too. Radio listeners heard him say that night "the shrewdest newspaperman [Krock] I met today declared that the country right now has the best and most alert mind in the White House that it has had since the day of Roosevelt the First."

In 1935, Krock won the Pulitzer Prize for the best correspondence for his article reflecting the Washington scene under the New Deal. A reward for a job well done.

Shortly after the President began his second term, Krock was granted the only exclusive interview Mr. Roosevelt has given for publication. His story was published Feb. 28, 1937. Howls were heard from all corners of the American press.



Dick Fitzpatrick

A graduate of Marquette University, where he was managing editor of the *Marquette Tribune*, president of the Press Club and an active member of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, Dick Fitzpatrick joined the staff of the *Alien Property Custodian* in Washington following graduation. He publishes the daily news digest for that office; writes a weekly Washington column for the *Long Beach (N. Y.) Lie*; is executive editor of *Bataan*, a monthly Philippine magazine, and finds time to write articles and book reviews for *The Quill*.

The result was that the President admitted that he had stuck his neck out and that it would not happen again. Thereafter, the lid was on presidential interviews. But the interview was important in winning Krock the Pulitzer Prize in 1938 for "distinguished service as a foreign or Washington correspondent." He is the only man who has won that award in this field twice.

Some felt that Krock was more of an interpreter than a newsman and thus was not entitled to the correspondence prize in 1935. Yet, Washington newsdom agreed that the *Times'* coverage greatly improved in the years under Krock. He demanded that his staff specialize, and it soon turned out that he had the top correspondents on the capital scene under him. Krock attributes this largely to specialization.

KROCK is well liked by the people that work with and under him. This is not a statement that is made merely to be complimentary to him. All one would have to do is to ask Turner Catledge or Bill Lawrence, two of the *Times'* best men in Washington, and the answer would be that Krock is a swell fellow to work for. He understands the problems of the

reporter and is sympathetic to the lowest paid office clerk. What they particularly like about him is that he goes on the assumption that they are right unless he should learn differently.

The problem of good government interests Krock deeply. During this war, he has constantly urged a war cabinet rather than the current Washington phenomena or fad of "czars." He was one of the first to advocate a revision of the Board of Economic Warfare and one-man control of war production. Both are accomplished facts.

Although the results at present have been halfheartedly accomplished, Krock has written frequently pointing out the need of a concerted attack on inflation through taxes and other restrictions, and an administrative approach to the confused manpower situation.

Krock, this year, wrote a series on submarine warfare. In these he showed, conclusively, the value of escort vessels in combating the overseas menace. It appears that that is the policy that the government is now following.

IT is an extremely difficult thing to say what is the best thing that a high-caliber writer produced. This reporter decided to ask someone who should know—Krock's secretary—Emmet Halleman.

Miss Halleman had been with the *Times* Washington bureau a short time in 1933 when Krock came down to take over. She thinks that his greatest piece is called, "Infamous Prelude to Pearl Harbor," which was published in the *Times'* Sunday magazine on November 8, 1942. She says that it is the only thing that Krock has dictated in his ten years in the capital.

Late one afternoon, he told her that he had a difficult piece to write and he did not know just how to approach it. He thought that he might dictate it. It was after hours, but Miss Halleman said: "Let's get started." After two and a half hours of "prancing" around his office—her term for pacing the floor—the first draft was out. After several drafts of perfecting the original—it was ready.

It is interesting to note that Krock's Sunday magazine pieces are subject to revision until the mailing, including a thorough checking of facts as is his habit with all pieces. His regular articles, his three-times-a-week "In the Nation," and his regular Sunday piece feature on page 3, left-hand corner in the editorial section, are written just as they appear. Krock has them completely written in his mind first.

WHEN Krock relaxes, he really loves it. But he admits that he does not have much time to relax these days. He plays an excellent game of bridge or poker. His friends bemoaningly and readily agree to the latter. When he gets a chance, he goes out to his farm, Limestone, at Berryville, Va., 55 miles outside of Washington.

In 1937, Krock finished the requirements for a master's degree at Princeton and received it. He was given the

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Deac (C. T.) Martin

PART ONE

A RECENT handbook for writers devotes nearly 100 pages to business magazines but only two thirds of that number to fiction. Apparently business magazines constitute Big Business, hence, worthwhile markets for the newspaper writer interested in outside work or for other professional writers who want to explore.

To the literary dilettante or the writer who thinks in terms of fiction plots, business magazines are devoid of interest.

That same condition applies here. This is a business story for those who consider *THE QUILL* as a "trade paper." Trade magazines are read largely with the hope of picking up points applicable to one's own business welfare while keeping posted on trade news. Therefore, this article is primarily for the experienced writer interested in doing business writing, though the inexperienced are not disregarded entirely.

MOST material which interests editors in the business field falls naturally into two broad divisions—Reporting of News or the Essay-Commentary type. A third division exists but is relatively unimportant. It includes business jokes, wise-cracks, paraphrased proverbs, and the fiction-type story peaking to a moral which, to the experienced, was apparent even in the lead.

"Salesman Sam Gets The Order" because he started early, worked later, kept his temper, or learned something extra in night school.

"President Groucho Takes the Cure" from a goon from Centerville who, as it turned out, had been his best customer over the past 20 years.

McGuffey set the pattern for such stories in his immortal Readers. Do not confuse such modern McGuffey-esque fabrications with the reporting of (news) "success" stories; which statement concludes remarks on this relatively unimportant third division and reverses the

THE QUILL for June, 1943

Making a Business of Writing For Business Papers

By DEAC (C. T.) MARTIN

field. So, back, to broad division number one—Reporting of News.

A NEWS story for a business magazine differs in principle but slightly from a story turned in by a reporter on assignment from his city editor.

Some individual, group, or company has done, is doing, or is about to do something which has accomplished or might accomplish certain results. Or the individual or group may have refused to do something or be against it.

"Grocers Oppose Sales Tax" might be the head for a local newspaper story dealing with a local chain or a local association. The same head, however, might well appear in *Business Week* if a national grocers' association went on record in opposition. Names of the principal protagonists, where, when, the usual quotations from the main mouthpieces would appear in both stories.

Trade practices, new products, profits or lack of profits, employee relations, sales volume, sales methods, stockholders, advertising campaigns are examples of scores of other news subjects which interest readers of business-type magazines.

THESE business magazines have three broad classifications:

(1) The General Business publications, exemplified by *Modern Industry* or *Nation's Business*. Their editorial material interests all types of business people and even those not engaged in business but whose incomes or investments may be woven into the business fabric of the nation or world. They pay well. Work for them is usually handled on assignment only.

(2) Magazines dealing with certain Phases of Business. *Credit & Financial Management* or *Advertising Age* are rather obvious examples. Credit men and advertising people read them for specialized departmental reasons, regardless of the industry with which the reader is affiliated.

(3) Trade Papers constitute the largest number of business publications. They deal with all phases of specific industries and may be read by executives, clerks, salesmen, credit people, any and all in the industry or type of business for which the trade paper is published.

Rates in the last two classifications usually range from one to three cents a word. Unsolicited contributions have a fair chance.

By reading his specialized twine, restaurant, drug store or banking trade paper, the subscriber keeps posted on
[Concluded on page 13]

ONE of the fields of journalism frequently overlooked by the student or graduate seeking a job is that of the business papers. This article and one to follow next issue will furnish an insight into the type of writing needed in this branch of journalism.

Deac (C. T.) Martin, of Cleveland, is particularly well fitted to discuss this phase of journalism. Iowa-born, he got his pre-college education in Missouri and then attended Iowa State College, where he specialized in agricultural journalism and was a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity.

After college, his business experience was gained in ad agencies, the billboard business, sales, marketing and the editorial side of a metropolitan newspaper. He was writing all the time, on the side, for business and trade publications. In 1934 he started Unique Services, a publicity and business writing organization in Cleveland, O. He represents several business papers and does special material on assignment from others. He shares the experiences gained with readers of *The Quill* in this and the article to follow next issue.



Walther Victor

Driven from Germany along with other writers, editors, authors and playwrights by the Nazis.

ON the evening of Jan. 30, 1933, as on almost every evening in the theaters and movies of Berlin, there were several first performances.

I was at that time the managing editor of the art and literary division of the largest boulevard newspaper of the city, the *8 Uhr Abendblatt*. Since my most competent theatrical critic, Dr. Kurt Pinthus (now at the Library of Congress in Washington) already was scheduled to attend one premiere, I attended another.

So in the evening, I drove from the suburbs in the west into the city proper, in order to arrive at my destination, crossing Unter den Linden, the most magnificent street in Berlin.

It was a misty winter evening, the snow hung loosely in the air, and as I approached Brandenburg Tor I saw the lights of a torch procession and heard the noise of military music. Since on this day the Reich's President, von Hindenburg, had designated Adolf Hitler as Reich's Chancellor, I realized at once what was taking place: the SA, Hitler's so-called "Sturmabteilungen," the brown hordes of the Nazis, having attained their desire, were honoring the "Fuehrer" with a torchlight procession.

I had to pass quite closely by the columns of storm troopers. They were singing, and they were screaming, "Heil Hitler," and their commanding officers were shouting orders.

MOST of the spectators felt it advisable to continue on their way as quickly as possible, even though, for the most part, they were not molested by the demonstrators. I felt no urge to concern myself any further with the events of the evening.

Hitler would stand on the balcony of

Journalism Under Hitler

Experiences of an Editor in Berlin After Nazi Plunderbund Took Over

By WALTHER VICTOR

the chancery and would give the Nazi salute; Wilhelm Street would be crowded; and I would, in any case, learn of the night's events at the newspaper office after I returned from the premiere. There was no reason why I should not continue on my way.

What was taking place here I had seen coming for months, yes, for years, and, unfortunately, I had not been able to prevent it. Full of repressed rage, I went to the theater and saw a mediocre play, while my thoughts wandered as I tried to picture the future destiny of Germany and the world.

I had belonged to the Social Democratic Party (that major party, which had undertaken the establishment of a German republic) from the end of the first World War, in which I had fought as a young boy, up to the moment of the dissolution of the Party by Hitler.

As Stampfer, the former editor-in-chief of the central organ of the Party, recently admitted in an article in a New York newspaper, the Party had lacked "the iron fist, a real fighting spirit, and a fanatical belief in itself."

It was this very lack that we younger members of the Party criticized constantly, though without avail. And thus, I now found myself in a mood of bitter resignation. I knew that this day need not have become a reality had we acted properly. Now it was too late. Now we had to operate with the utmost cleverness and effectiveness in order to avoid the worst consequences of the disaster which had occurred.

Naturally, I had the feeling from the very beginning that it would be best for my well-being and security if I left Germany at once. But I rejected this selfish idea very quickly. Not only did the leaders of the socialistic and democratic parties give the watchword that everyone should remain at his post just as long as possible, but even the Communists requested that their members enter into the newly rising National Socialistic organization in order not to lose connection with the masses.

I have never regretted my resolve to remain in Germany just as long as there was any possibility of doing good. I am still of the opinion that only those who suffered under Hitler and fought against him inside Germany will become the leaders of the new Germany. If, after

the fall of Hitler, anything new or better is to develop out of Germany at all. Only when arrest and worse things appeared imminent in 1934 did I finally leave the country.

WHEN I entered the building of the publishing house of Rudolf Mosse on Jerusalem Street the night after my theater premiere, a surprising thing happened. The elevator man, a young blond fellow, was in SA uniform and did not make the slightest effort to take me up to the editor's office.

I had not reckoned with the fact that the SA would close in on us so quickly and so closely. Immediately the scales fell from my eyes. This uneducated youth, who presumably could not write a correct German sentence, had always been rather unfriendly and rude to those whom he had to take up to the editorial rooms of our publishing house.

Only at this moment did I begin to see the light. This hopeful Aryan had naturally belonged to the Hitler Party for a long time and had been spying us out very thoroughly. He had a complete record of the employees in which each one was listed according to his political convictions and, above all, according to his race. As Hitler was taking over the rule of the Reich, our elevator boy was getting ready to take over the reins of one of the largest and oldest publishing houses in Europe.

To be sure, he was not to get that far. Others had their eyes on this position, and our elevator boy had to be satisfied with commanding the SA division and the active party members in the House of Mosse: to have them fall in line, whether their business permitted it or not, or to drill with them on the street, and to march at the head of them on parade.

But what would become of our newspapers?

THE publishing house of Rudolf Mosse published not only the well-known *Berliner Tageblatt* but also a number of other newspapers, such as the *Berliner Volkszeitung*, the *Berliner Morgenzeitung*, the *Weltspiegel* (the distinguished illustrated weekly paper), the widely-read *Ulk* (a humorous paper), and our *8 Uhr Abendblatt*, which of all of the newspapers of the publishing house had conducted the fiercest struggle against Hitler.

The publishing house was in Jewish possession; the politics of its newspapers was progressive and democratic; among the editors were many Socialists, and most of the members of the staff were of Jewish extraction.

Hitler's Heel—

Hermann Zucker, the editor-in-chief of our newspaper and an ingenious representative of the modern journalist, had also carried on a fanatical fight against the Nazis outside of his office. He was undoubtedly in acute danger and acted wisely by departing as quickly as possible for Czechoslovakia.

Unfortunately, he died shortly after his arrival there. The direction of the newspaper then passed over to people who were less prominent, less known to the Nazis. Nevertheless, it remained for a short time completely in the hands of its former editors.

Since I had come from Saxony to Berlin and to Mosse only two years before, the Berlin Nazis hardly knew me, and, therefore, in the course of the year 1933 I shared in directing the affairs of the *8 Uhr Abendblatt*. Therefore, I was not only in a position to fill the unavoidable gaps in the editorial staff of my division with friends having the same political views, but I was also in a position to prepare certain underground movements against Hitler, concerning which it is still too early to speak.

In this manner I finally employed more than a dozen former editors of social democratic newspapers now forbidden by Hitler. I also had the opportunity to become acquainted at first hand with the entire proceedings of the so-called "equalization" of the press. The first step in this process was a man called Cord von Einem.

SINCE we were determined to remain at our posts as long as we could accomplish anything, we had to provide for certain safeguards, particularly to checkmate our young Nazi commander, alias the elevator boy. We had one lucky break.

On a day early in February our police reporter informed us that he had made an interesting discovery. He had met a World War comrade dressed in a Nazi uniform. This comrade was none other than Cord von Einem, who had been the captain of the police reporter's company in the World War. The reporter had recognized him immediately and had learned from him that he was now in a position of considerable importance in the SA.

This said our police reporter, was the type of man we were looking for, since von Einem had no particular profession, was an all-around good-for-nothing and could definitely be impressed with some money.

We decided to take a look at Mr. von Einem. He appeared in the editorial offices, and shortly thereafter we came to an agreement with him concerning the matter of fees. Mr. von Einem was pleased to join the staff of the Jewish *8 Uhr Abendblatt* and take over certain special duties. I should like to stop to describe him here, because he is typical of the sort of men who began to rule Germany.

THIS man, who, under the approval of his superiors, was to become a manager in one of the largest German publishing houses, outwardly resembled the mercenary trooper that he was.

Tall, with brutal facial expression, highly uncultured, coarse in his manners, he was a soldier of fortune such as one finds in fiction. He had never stopped being a soldier. As a free lance he had been in the volunteer corps which after 1918 sought to put an end to the new form of government; and in the SA, in which, according to his own intimations he had a good position because he knew about several murders.

We were able to secure his cooperation because we were able at that time to fulfill his desires for money and a life of ease. The ideas of Mr. Hitler actually concerned him little.

As long as it was to von Einem's advantage, he worked with anyone and did not ask about religion or race. Thus, to improve his own position he made an excellent shield for our newspaper and later for the publishing house.

Politically shortsighted, he noticed nothing of all that which we thought and did. It happened frequently that I had a conference in my office with political friends from all parts of the Reich, and von Einem would come in and shake hands with everyone in a friendly manner. It was he too who one day had our "respected" elevator-boy-dictator fired. Von Einem could make him stand at attention as often as he wanted to, for he was his SA superior officer.

WHEN von Einem first came to the editorial office, the question arose as to how the man was to be occupied. Since my political colleagues did not want him near them, he was assigned to me.

I found a way out of the difficulty by having him report his war experiences. Thus he was assigned an office and, while smoking innumerable cigarets, told his experiences. After he had finally found the right girl secretary, with whom he came to an "understanding," he preferred

to "dictate" outside of the editorial offices.

Nevertheless, after two weeks I got a look at the first manuscript, which, after some editing, began to appear serially under his name, proving that he actually was a contributor and not merely a dummy.

When after the first chapters nothing suitable came from his meetings with his secretary, several war stories from other sources had to be provided in order to round out the report of his war experiences. While the stories were appearing, von Einem decided that "his" work also had to appear in book form, and our book publisher was instructed accordingly. One day our "author" appeared in my office and informed me that he had just spoken to Roehm, the SA leader whom Hitler later ruthlessly executed in 1934. "I asked Roehm for a preface for my book," he said, "and he agreed to it at once." To my question as to where the preface was, von Einem answered, "We have to write that ourselves. After all, Roehm has no time for such things. He will let us use his name, and that's sufficient."

"Well, then write Roehm's preface," I said. With the help of half of our staff von Einem happily completed the ten-line preface.

One day after he had already been "promoted" to the managership, he mysteriously beckoned me into a corner. "Do you want to see something?" he asked. And then he showed me pornographic pictures of a sort which defy description.

The first act which he performed, when he had taken up the position of an executive of the publishing house, was to misuse our marvelous art printing machines to have these lewd pictures printed for himself and his SA colleagues. This, then, was the representative of the new order in the publishing house of Rudolf Mosse.

Le Secrétaire Général de la PRESSE ÉTRANGÈRE
à Paris, 10, rue La Fayette (2^e)

certifie que M^r Walter Victor
de Nationalité indistincte
est journaliste professionnel et voyage pour les be-
soins de la mission de presse dont il est chargé.

Cachet du Syndicat : Le Secrétaire Général,

Paris, le 12/5/46

SIGNALEMENT :

Taille : moyenne
Vieillesse : jeune
Cheveux : bruns
Rouche : normale
Signes particuliers : aucun

Signature du titulaire : Walter Victor

Le Secrétaire Général de la FÉDÉRATION
INTERNATIONALE DES JOURNALISTES
prie les organisations nationales du territoire
desquelles le titulaire de cette carte est amené à
voyager pour l'accomplissement de sa mission de
presse, de l'aider à obtenir des pouvoirs publics et
des autorités publiques ou privées et en général de
toute personne utile les facilités nécessaires à cette
mission.

Le Président : Le Secrétaire Général :

Fédération Internationale des Journalistes
de la Presse

CETTE CARTE EST VALABLE POUR UN AN
du 1^{er} Février 40 au 31 Décembre 40

Having lost everything else, this journalistic passport reissued to him by the International Federation of Journalists shortly before Paris fell was the only identification carried by Walther Victor when he crossed the German lines in June, 1940, in order to escape Nazis.

a house of the highest and best journalistic traditions.

HOW did Hitler and his new Minister of Enlightenment, Dr. Joseph Goebbels, treat the press? How was the National Socialist's ascension to power carried out within the German press?

It was carried out slowly and systematically, with no sudden display of open force, without fear but with extraordinary cleverness.

To be sure, as far as the freedom of the press was concerned, Hitler could not make many concessions without injuring his entire undertaking. Thus his henchmen explained at first that the newspapers could continue to write whatever they wanted to, provided that they did not concern themselves with politics.

Hitler himself said that as far as politics were concerned he could not take a joke, because he was the nation, the nation was he, and whoever acted against the nation would feel the consequences.

Thus it came about that the unpolitical part of the press remained unmolested for a long time. Not until a year after Hitler's accession to power did Dr. Pinthus and I, the last members of Jewish extraction, leave the editorial staff. As far, however, as politics were concerned, we had Cord von Einem, who now and then had to suffer for the sins we frequently committed against Mr. Goebbels.

BEFORE Hitler's accession to power, the government already had a daily press conference, in which a spokesman for the government divulged interesting news and official items of interest, which then appeared in all papers on the same day.

The words "regulation of speech" played a certain role even before Hitler. They meant that the government announced in what sense it would like to see this or that affair treated. Nevertheless, editors could naturally express deviating opinions, depending upon their individual interpretations.

Moreover, they could continue to do this after Hitler's accession to power. But the consequences were different. If a newspaper, for example, did not observe the "regulation of speech," then Goebbels had the issue seized.

If it happened again, he simply suppressed the newspaper. Then the publisher or the editor-in-chief rushed to the Ministry and sought to find out why it was suppressed and what might, perchance, be done in order to have his paper appear again. And then Mr. Goebbels or his assistant would say with the sweetest expression: "But, dear friend, naturally it may appear again, but would you perhaps not see to it that our point of view is also respected somewhat . . . ?"

In the meantime the newspaper already would have lost hundreds of subscribers, the weak-spined publisher would have fired a few editors with Jewish names and Jewish appearance, and then the paper would appear again and would try to avoid that which had brought on the last crisis. For us in such cases it was convenient that our SA officer, Cord von

About the Author

WALTHER VICTOR, who presents in this article a picture of what happens to a free democratic press when it is taken over by the Nazis, has been in the United States since Oct. 13, 1940. He came here on the *Nea Hellas* which brought to America 150 German exiles—writers, editors, authors and playwrights—headed by Franz Werfel and Heinrich Mann.

At 48, this man who had written 20 books, edited several newspapers and engaged in nation-wide activities as an author, lecturer and radio commentator, found hard manual work as a porter and packer, shipping and receiving clerk, in the basement of a big New York store. Then came the first real ray of light in the New World. He was granted a fellowship from some Quaker friends to attend the American Seminar at the University of New Hampshire.

Mr. Victor was born in Oeynhausen, Germany; attended high school in Poznan (Poland) and the Universities of Freiburg and Halle. He was one of the leaders of the Free German Youth Movement; a veteran of World War I. From 1919 to 1933 he had served as an editor for several daily newspapers, his last position in Germany being that of fiction and news managing editor of *8 Uhr Abendblatt* published by the Rudolf Mosse concern in Berlin, one of the largest publishing houses in Europe.

He has been serving as correspondent in New York for Swiss newspapers; edits the *Saenger-Zeitung*, Federation of Workers' Singing Societies of America, is a member of the American Newspaper Guild and the Foreign Press Association.

Einem, could go there and say, "What's the meaning of this, dear political friends . . . ?" Thus for weeks the *8 Uhr Abendblatt* waged a fanatical struggle against the complete elimination of all freedom of the press by Hitler and his Goebbels.

ONCE after our paper had been suppressed for several days, we resorted to other tactics. We followed written instructions to the letter but not according to the spirit.

Goebbels, for example, gave orders that certain news had to appear on a certain page of the paper and in a certain type. Later he went so far as to designate exactly on how many columns the heading of a news item had to run.

If, perchance, "colleague" von Einem telephoned from the ministry that a certain news item had to be set up in two columns on the first page, then in the afternoon a two-column space was reserved, with a short announcement only, in the midst of a large blank space. Everyone understood.

One day von Einem arrived with a sad face and said that the blank spaces had to stop; the Goebbels people did not want anyone to think that there was a censorship in Germany. Actually there was none at that time, but the method used fulfilled the same purpose.

Soon the last signs of an open opposition also disappeared from the political part of our paper. We simply published official news and gave up any attempt to write a commentary.

Nevertheless, the entire year 1933 passed fairly frictionless for the *8 Uhr Abendblatt*.

Mr. Cord von Einem, as a result of his "success," was advanced to the position of director of advertising for the entire publishing house of Rudolf Mosse, and his respected name appeared in the imprint of all of our newspapers.

To be sure, he could not prevent the reorganizing of our profession, since this reorganization was compulsory for all professions. The law that had prohibited Jews from participating actively in the affairs of the press took many of our colleagues. For a certain time those who, like myself, had been at the front in the first World War were excepted.

NATURALLY we tried to look after our interests as well as possible. I cannot recall without the deepest emotion the meeting of our "Defensive Alliance of German Writers" on the day before the burning of the Reichstag took place.

The three speakers of the evening were all good friends of mine. They spoke courageously against Hitler and for freedom of expression of opinion. Today, all three of them are dead.

Carl von Ossietzky provided the world with a splendid model of the faithful fighter enduring to the bitter end. This winner of the Nobel Peace Prize and editor of the *Weltbuehne* was arrested two days later and died in Hitler's concentration camps from the results of his sufferings.

Erich Muehsam, splendid and unforgettable Bohemian, poet, and revolutionary, was murdered in the concentration camp; and Rudolf Olden, the distinguished secretary of the P.E.N. Club, was torpedoed by the Nazis on the way to America. The meeting hall had been guarded by the Gestapo, who eagerly noted every individual who participated.

In spite of all precautions we took to follow the laws, those of us who remained in Germany during that time always stood with one foot in the concentration camp, or in the grave. This was especially true, if one was interested not only in saving one's own skin, but if one tried continually though secretly to affect the political situation.

EVEN today I remember and dream again and again of the deathly horror that seized me when one day, shortly after I had left a small "Bierkeller" in which I was accustomed to meet with friends, I was stopped by two SA men and commanded to come along.

I could think of nothing else but that our meeting place had been spied upon and that my friends and I were being arrested. Fortunately, it turned out that the SA men had drunk one too many and merely wanted me to show them how to get to a certain subway station. . . . Later it was more desirable to have our friends

come to our offices than to meet them at public places.

But when the Nazis of that provincial city in which I had fought vehemently in the newspaper which I directed for eight years against them and their ideas, finally had time to concern themselves with my whereabouts in Berlin, my time had also come, and no Cord von Einem would have been able to save me.

It had taken about a year until the Nazi organizations for persecution could begin to work more systematically. At the turn of the year 1933-34 I was hunted up by two policemen who informed me that from Zwickau in Saxony a warrant had been issued for the arrest of a certain Victor, a "notorious Jewish Marxist." It turned out that one of the two officers was a loyal former Social Democrat who without any further ado was satisfied with my declaration that I was indeed not the one they were looking for.

But all in all it was revealed after some time that nothing more could be done about Hitler's terror machine. After my house was searched twice, I felt it advisable to disappear from Berlin under an assumed name.

Hitler had the press just where he wanted it. Today it is nothing but a diversified instrument of Nazi propaganda. Since 1935 the name of von Einem has disappeared from the imprint of the former Mosse newspapers. The publishing house of Mosse no longer exists.

Business Writing

[Concluded from page 9]

specific trade news, trade trends, practices and personalities. Trade papers usually carry some general business news or comment, but most of the material in their columns is slanted for the readers who specialize in some business or trade.

In consequence, the columns of a trade paper sometimes contains phraseology completely clear to its regular readers but Greek to someone outside the trade. As an example: From *Steel*, "With present spread between Grade B and lapweld, they were slowly being forced out of business."

THE business writer who writes about the Widget Company's lapweld today may, tomorrow, be writing an article that stems from the lapweld industry. Or, sticking to the Widget Company, he might be writing: The Widget Manufacturing Company Develops New Process; or Pays Bonus to Employees; or Is Investigated by Commission; or Holds Open House for Dealers; or Plans New Production Unit.

The experienced business news gatherer becomes sensitized through experience so that he is able to recognize specialized news values in such subjects as cited. Some inconspicuous feature of a new plan or program may raise the temperature of certain trade paper editors while leaving others entirely cold.

For example: A novel machine-tool layout on the floor of an old or new factory may contain more sex appeal to

one editor than the company's employee-safety plans, which another editor might feature with art.

The fact that the Widget people intend to include certain Southern publications in announcing promotional plans for 1943 might be tremendously significant to an editor in that field because of his readers who are competitive manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers in that bracket.

To the editor of a flooring magazine a little patch of experimental-plastic floor laid inconspicuously in a corridor of an office building would be of much greater interest than the building's announcement that it will "spend \$976,000 to replace an estimated 18 miles of ferrous waterlines with nonferrous pipes."

IN attempting to report on subjects as widely different, for instance, as new sales plans, a credit system that works, and a bonus plan for production workers, the writer must be entirely honest with himself. Otherwise, he is likely to attempt something too technical and entirely beyond his experience ceiling.

Particularly in the early stages he should choose subjects which are within his "practical horizon," subjects with which he has at least a semblance of familiarity. Otherwise he would be in the precarious position of a gentle spinster whose horizon is limited to Vermont but who attempts a story involving the intimate life of an Inner-Mongolian matriarch.

Let's say that a writer knows a little about food products. He might well try his fledgling wings on a business news story stemming from frozen foods rather than to attempt a wobbly flight into a publication dealing with placer mining. The writer may not have had the experience with frozen foods, but he knows something about food production and preservation, therefore knows what to look for and would be less likely to garble facts than if he had gone beyond his practical horizon. He has no conscious or subconscious store of knowledge about mining on which to draw; therefore, he might flounder and falsify unknowingly.

Placer mining might go pretty far over on the technical side; but high points of technical lore may be referred to by the nontechnical business writer. For example: In reporting a metals association meeting, "The enamel section has a program under which comes surface abrasions as well as the ball-gouge and needle-scratch tests."

Readers of the metal trade paper will know exactly what is meant. But technical articles on the needle-scratch test should be done by technical men. The nontechnical outsider can be of great assistance in editing—if the technical man will stand for it.

MAGAZINES about needle-scratch, frozen foods, or placer operations are not generally available on newsstands. How, then, to get better acquainted with markets for subjects which are within one's horizon?

Many public libraries have business and trade papers available. Perusal of them indicate the type and length of articles preferred. Usually trade magazines are available at almost any manufacturing plant. Even though perhaps old enough to win Awards of Merit in a dentist's waiting room, these magazines indicate subject matter and give a cue to mechanical phases.

Study of these trade magazines will not answer all the questions that are certain to come to mind. Nevertheless, they frequently indicate the type of material that readers hope to be able to apply to their own businesses. And that is a good measuring stick for the worth of an article to be done for a trade publication.

Articles of general interest about people and affairs in the trade have a chance, however.

WRITE the facts briefly and accurately. In the News Reporting type of business writing the writer follows about the same form of organizing material as in newspaper writing. The XYZ Co. or Association, located somewhere, has done something or will do something.

This formula is generally applicable, whether for a news squib or pages of printed news matter. What has been done or will be done constitutes the body of the story. Usually, business papers do not demand such compact writing in the lead as does the newspaper.

Having done sufficient writing of the straight reporting type, the writer may develop facility to cross the border into the lesser-known land of Essay-Commentary business writing, in which as much as half of an article may be drawn from his own subconscious knowledge of what's what in business or a certain trade.

It is this writer's experience that notes taken even on an important reporting job sometimes are inadequate for a complete story. In that case, one fills in from the bin of subconscious knowledge, writes it in, then submits it to the man who was interviewed in terms of, "You didn't mention this when we were talking. But I take it for granted that because of So-and-So-and-So, thus and thus is true."

Usually he replies, "Oh, I forgot to tell you about that." That being true in reporting, it is obvious that background and knowledge "absorbed through the pores" is necessary for the commentary-type article, to follow next issue.

RADIO DRAMAS

Hollywood radio production unit, producing five dramatic shows weekly, in market for original scripts. Details and directions on request.

WILLIAM A. RUTLEDGE III

Agent—Critic

6877 Yeager Place Hollywood, Calif.

THE WRITE OF WAY

By William A. Rutledge III

Sports Stories

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

THE shrinkage of sports, a consequence of our war program, is reflected in the sports pages of the newspapers and in sport story magazines and books. The Street & Smith leader, *Sports Story* magazine, has been suspended to utilize the allotted S & S paper for other periodicals on its list.

Leo Margulies, editor of the Thrilling Group of pulp magazines, is keeping alive a strong list of sports magazines. He's issued a general call to sports fiction writers to stay in their field but to reslant their yarns for wartime reading.

The war has moved into the sports picture, and today's stories must delineate the wartime factor. Margulies became impatient with the mill-run of sports stories, I presume. At least, he was moved to sit down to his typewriter and bang out in precise detail just what he wanted for his magazines in the line of sports fiction.

He wants sports fiction moved into Army camps, training bases, and dramatize the sports competition among the men of our armed forces. Leo has hit something there.

"All stories must have a war-awareness," Margulies declares. He noted that periodicals published by and for the service men reported sports contests. He wants stories around those games.

"A veritable gold mine for sports writers—our Army camps. Don't be afraid to write about them," he observes.

ROBERT W. LOWNDES, editor director of Columbia Publications, Inc., bought a recent sports story of mine. He liked this particular yarn and wrote that he wanted more of it and purchased the expanded story, "Diamond Blackout," which appeared in the February issue of his *Super Sports*. The story dealt with a blackout during a night baseball game.

Good writing, in the accepted sense of the term, is a liability if anything in this field. The editors don't go for fine prose. They want raw punchy stuff that catches the true picture of the competition, the fans, etc. And, it takes hard-hitting plots to put over a sale.

The plot pattern of these stories is rather set. You put in suspense around a hero and villain, bring them up to a climax, and close with explosive incident or situation.

Carefully drawn characterizations are no asset here. You rip the hero and villain open and reveal what makes them tick—what motivates their action and portray their thoughts and attitudes. This is probably where many would-be sports story writers stumble. Their stories lack convincing motivation. You can't just

narrate what happened—you must show the reader just why it all happened.

SPORTS is essentially a matter of conflict—conflict under some form of competition, whether it be baseball, football, track, basket ball, or cricket. That conflict must be a dominant note in your story.

It is most preferable that this element of conflict grow from the game which is the background for the story—rather than an element of conflict imposed by the author upon the characters.

Good pulp sports writing leads straight to the slick paper magazines, which isn't the case with all pulp writing. Some of the best sports stories in such magazines as the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *Liberty*, *Cosmopolitan* are written by editors of these pulp sports magazine groups—Alden Norton, Bill Fay, Ben Peter Freeman.

Another good breaking-in point for sports stories is the boys' church papers. A good clean sports story with a wholesome moral is sure-fire.

The fraternal magazines, the *American Legion Magazine*, the *Elks Magazine*, the *Columbian*, are among publications which will snap up a good sports story.

There's quite a difference between sports reporting and sports fiction writing.

The rewards are from a half to one cent a word. A 5,000-word story will yield from \$25 to \$50.

See you next month!

Krock, of the Times

[Concluded from page 8]

honorary degree of Doctor of Literature by the University of Louisville in 1939.

Another honor conferred upon Krock was his election to the Washington Gridiron Club in 1913. In 1940 Krock was named to the Board of Advisors of the Graduate School of Journalism of Columbia University.

KROCK says, in answering the question of publishing a story that might have repercussions, "our obligations are merely these, in deciding whether to go into print with information. Is it true? Has it been legitimately acquired? Is it fit to print—public property or a private matter? If satisfactorily settled, the facts are ready for their bath of printer's ink."

The importance of news background which begins with the task of reporting is told by the *Times'* correspondent in these words: "Deviations into the executive direction of newspapers had not changed my estimate of the part the reporter plays in the production. It had not rendered me unwilling to resume a contribution to that essential part by giving me any stuffy belief that the reporter

is set on a lower level from the editor.

"Years of experience had revealed to me this fundamental fact about newspapers—the worker outside the business office and the mechanical departments, whether he is called editor or reporter, must have acquired and retained the reportorial mood and instinct if he is fully to serve the American press."

Arthur Krock believes in an apprenticeship for the beginner in journalism. Nothing will take the place of work in a small newspaper office. "Schools of journalism may make the doses a little sweeter, but nothing will take the place of experience," Krock says.

Krock leaned back and thought before he gave his ideas of a good reporter, then came out with this statement:

"He should love his work beyond the love of man for woman. He should have an accurate eye and ear; willing legs; constant energy but inner calm; passion for truth; hatred for imposture; disinterest in great acquisition; instinctive knowledge of men; a feeling for words; a sense with Voltaire and the Greeks that 'art is restraint,' gentility and compassion; perfect integrity where his chronicle is concerned; a temperament exercise on his off-days only; and that imponderable known as an instinct for news."

That is the life, ideas and history of one of America's great and important newspapermen.

Headline Hunters

[Continued from page 4]

Following his escape from the Philippines, Lee followed Gen. MacArthur to Australia and later spent months in the South Seas, vividly writing about the battles in which the Jap advance was finally halted. He has joined the *International News Service* staff and is now on his way to another fighting front.

PIERRE HUSS, "Pete" to his friends, is back in action with the American forces in North Africa. Pete for ten years directed coverage of Central Europe as Berlin manager of *I.N.S.* While the United States was neutral, Huss stayed with the Germans, following their various campaigns. He was with the German army that pounded through Holland and Belgium. He saw Hitler's armies crush Greece and later visited the German front in Russia.

When indications began to pile up that the United States would be forced into the war, Huss was recalled. He was too valuable a man to risk having him interned in Germany. Now he is getting the kick of his life seeing that same German war machine that bludgeoned its way across France being smashed to smithereens.

Huss spent many days and weeks revealing to American intelligence officers observations he made while covering the Germans. He had plenty of chances to see the Germans in operation, and he knew many of the tricks they had pulled and hoped to get away with again.

[Concluded on page 18]

Iowan Receives "Courage in Journalism" Award

Sigma Delta Chi's 1942 Medal Given To Glenn W. Beneke

Youthful Panora Editor Honored
for Winning Fight Against
County Misgovernment

CHICAGO.—A 23-year-old newspaper editor in a small Iowa town, Glenn W. Beneke of Panora, who fought a winning fight against misconduct in county government, has been named the winner of the annual award offered for "Courage in Journalism" by Sigma Delta Chi, national professional journalistic fraternity.

Selection of Beneke, editor and publisher of the *Guthrie County Vedette*, was announced from national headquarters of Sigma Delta Chi here.

Honorable mention was given to the New York newspaper *PM* for its battle against *Social Justice*, publication founded by Father Charles E. Coughlin, which resulted in the United States attorney general barring it from the mails under terms of the 1917 Sedition act.

BENEKE braved a \$10,000 libel suit and emerged victorious from a battle royal with the board of supervisors and county auditor of his county in 1941, with the result that the auditor was ousted on charges of "willful and habitual misconduct in office" prosecuted by the Iowa attorney general and the entire board of supervisors resigned under threat of similar action.

His campaign to eliminate mismanagement costing taxpayers thousands of dollars annually won the National Editorial Association award for community service in towns under 2,500 in 1942.

The youthful editor was born in Pocahontas, Iowa, Sept. 16, 1917, attended grade and high school there, and was graduated from the University of Iowa school of journalism in 1938. He purchased the *Vedette* in 1940. Beneke is married to the former Dorothea Dolson, of Cedar Rapids, and they have one daughter 2½ years old.

Currently classified 3-A, he anticipates carrying on his battles in uniform when Uncle Sam starts calling up fathers.

THIS was the first of the Sigma Delta Chi awards in journalism announced this year by the fraternity. Awards also are offered for outstanding foreign correspondence, Washington correspondence, radio newswriting, general reporting, editorial writing and editorial cartooning.

The panel of judges determining these awards includes Basil L. Walters, executive editor, Minneapolis *Star-Journal*; Elmo Scott Watson, Editor, the *Publishers' Auxiliary*, Chicago; Dr. Frank L. Mott, director, University of Missouri school of



Glenn W. Beneke

journalism; Ralph McGill, executive editor, *Atlanta Constitution*; Basil Brewer, publisher, New Bedford (Mass.) *Standard Times*; Eugene C. Pulliam, Radio Station WIRE, Indianapolis; and L. D. Hotchkiss, managing editor, *Los Angeles Times*.

JONATHAN DANIELS (North Carolina '22), on leave as editor of the *Raleigh (N.C.) News & Observer* serving as administrative assistant to President Roosevelt, was elected recently to an eight-year term on the board of trustees of Vassar College at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

BYRON PRICE (National Honorary '41), former *Associated Press* executive news editor and now director of the Office of Censorship, recently received an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws at the 105th annual commencement at Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind., from which he was graduated 31 years ago.

For 'Courage in Journalism'



This is the face, slightly reduced, of Sigma Delta Chi's Award in Journalism bestowed annually for distinguished service in the profession.

Two Members of SDX Are Among Winners of Pulitzer Prizes

Forrest W. Seymour and Jay N.
(Ding) Darling Are Honored for
Outstanding Work of Year

TWO members of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity—Forrest W. Seymour (Drake '26), associate editor of the *Des Moines Register and Tribune*, and Jay N. (Ding) Darling (Iowa State Professional '22), cartoonist for the *Des Moines Register and Tribune* and the *New York Herald Tribune Syndicate*—were among the recently announced Pulitzer Prize winners.

Seymour received the \$500 award for editorial writing and Darling for the best cartoon of the year. Seymour also recently received the Stephen F. Chadwick Award of the American Legion for writing the best editorial in appreciation of the American Legion in 1942.

The Omaha (Neb.) *World-Herald* was awarded the \$500 medal for "meritorious public service by an American newspaper" for initiating the state-wide scrap metal drive that became the pattern for the national campaign conducted by newspapers.

OTHER awards announced by the trustees of Columbia University in behalf of the committee were:

For distinguished correspondence—Hanson W. Baldwin, the *New York Times*, \$500.

For telegraphic reporting on international affairs—Ira Wolfert, *North American Newspaper Alliance*, for his dispatches on the Solomons.

For a reporter's work—George Weller, the *Chicago Daily News*, for his dispatch on the appendectomy performed by a pharmacist's mate under trying conditions.

For the best news photograph—Frank Noel of the *Associated Press* for a photo entitled "Water!"

For the outstanding novel—Upton Sinclair, for "Dragon's Teeth."

For the original American play performed in New York—Thornton Wilder, for "Skin of Our Teeth."

For the most distinguished book on American history—Esther Forbes, for "Paul Revere and the World He Lived In."

For biography—Samuel Eliot Morison, for "Admiral of the Ocean Sea."

For verse by an American author—Robert Frost, for "A Witness Tree."

Musical composition—William Schumann, for his "Secular Cantata No. 2, a Free Song," performed by the Boston Symphony orchestra.

The committee did not award a prize for telegraphic reporting on national affairs.

—30—



—Photo courtesy New York Times

Byron Darnton

"Barney" Darnton, 44, war correspondent of the New York Times, was killed accidentally last October in an advanced occupational area in New Guinea. He was buried in the Port Moresby Military Cemetery with full military honors.

He was the second American correspondent definitely known to have been killed in the Pacific since the war began. Melville Jacoby (Stanford University), correspondent for Life, was the first and Jack Singer, of International News Service, the third.

Born in Adrian, Mich., Darnton had just finished high school when the United States went to war in 1917. He enlisted in the Michigan National Guard and went to France with the Red Arrow Division. He was en route home when his commission as a second lieutenant reached him.

Entering the University of Michigan, he became a member of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity; Sigma Phi and editor of the Michigan Daily. He left school after two years, returning to France to visit the battlefields. His first newspaper job, on his return, was with the Sandusky (Ohio) Herald. Later he moved to the Baltimore Sun, the Philadelphia Bulletin and Evening Ledger. He took a sabbatical at writing advertising copy for an agency that lasted just three weeks and then returned to reporting.

His first job in New York was with the Post in 1925. He became day cable editor for the Associated Press in 1930 and joined the New York Times' staff in 1934, establishing the Review of the Week section. Subsequently he was assistant Sunday editor but preferred local news and rewrite and returned to the local news staff in 1939. He did pioneer work on the Times' radio news broadcasts.

When World War II began, he immediately sought a war correspondent's job and was ordered to Australia. He was among the 14 correspondents who went out with the first United States convoy.

Darnton leaves his wife and two sons, Robert 3, and John, 1; five brothers and a sister.

ROBERT NOBLE (Iowa '42) is taking Navy deck officers' training at Notre Dame, Indiana.

SERVING UNCLE SAM

WILLIAM A. DRAVES, JR. (Wisconsin '40) is a member of the Army Signal Corps, enlisted reserve, attending a radio school in Milwaukee. For two years prior to entering the Army he was sports editor, general reporter, feature writer and desk man for the Wisconsin Rapids Daily Tribune. To his collection of old, odd and unusual papers he is adding a current collection of Army, Navy and Marine publications and camp papers.

PVT. LUCAS G. STAUDACHER (Marquette '39) is assigned to the Public Relations Office, Gardner Field, Calif. He helps edit the *Bee Tee*, cadet magazine; writes for the cadet page in the *Flight Dispatcher*, field weekly paper, and does general news releases for civilian papers. After receiving his Ph.B. degree from Marquette, he was granted a graduate fellowship in journalism and edited the *Editor*, quarterly magazine of the Catholic School Press Association. He was editor of the *West Allis (Wis.) Guide* for eight months prior to induction into the Army.

Promotion to First Lieutenant has been announced at Camp Wolters, Texas, for SECOND LIEUT. DONALD G. WEISS (Florida '22), now on duty at Camp Wolters as Assistant Camp Public Relations Officer. Prior to his public relations assignment, Lieut. Weiss served as an instructor in the IRTC Officers' School, teaching weapons and tactics. He also has served as platoon leader, company plans and training officer and supply officer. Lieut. Weiss was managing editor of the *Alligator*, college newspaper, at Florida.

DR. ROBERT W. DESMOND (Wisconsin '21), chairman of the journalism department at the University of California at Berkeley, has been commissioned as a major in the Army and is now attending the Army's school of military government at Charlottesville, Va.

CAPT. ISADORE MOSCOVITZ (Florida '33) is the Special Service Officer of the 99th Infantry Division, located at Camp Van Dorn, Miss. In addition to having charge of athletic, recreation, entertainment, education, and other morale activities of the Division, Capt. Moscovitz also has under his supervision the publication of the Division newspaper, the *Checkerboard*, which is said to be the Army's best and most widely circulated Division newspaper, since it covers the entire

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Chicago, Ill.

It HAD to Be Navy!**Lieut. John Paul Jones**

His name being what it is, John Paul Jones—instructor in journalism at the University of Illinois; faculty adviser of the Illinois chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, and a member of the Florida chapter—naturally could serve in no other branch of the service than the United States Navy!

Lieut. (j.g.) Jones was the guest of honor at a dinner held April 19 by the Central Illinois Professional Chapter of Sigma Delta Chi and presented with his shoulder boards. He was ordered to Rhode Island for indoctrination training and will be assigned a post from there.

A graduate of the University of Florida in 1937, he received his master's degree at the University of Wisconsin and then joined the Illinois faculty in 1939. He had professional experience on the *Palatka (Fla.) Daily News* and the *Gainesville (Fla.) Daily Sun* and did special work on the Sunday feature staff of the *Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch* in addition to numerous feature articles for other newspapers and magazines.

Camp, in addition to all officers and enlisted men attached to the Division. Prior to being inducted into Federal service in August, 1941, Capt. Moscovitz was editor and publisher of the *Southern Jewish Weekly* at Jacksonville, Fla., which his wife continues to publish during his absence.

MILLER HOLLAND (Stanford-Professional '36), former Pacific division manager for *United Press*, now with the Army, has been advanced from captain to major. He is stationed at the Presidio in San Francisco, Calif.

ARTHUR CARSTENS (Michigan '35), reporter with the Detroit (Mich.) *Free Press* has been commissioned an ensign and is awaiting his call to action from the Navy.

TOMME CALL (Texas '28), formerly editorial writer on the San Antonio (Tex.) *Express* and *Evening News*, who recently entered the Army as an enlisted man, is in public relations work and editing *The Rattler*, camp paper at the Pyote, (Tex.) Air Base.

• THE BOOK BEAT •

Theatrical Treasure Chest

SIXTEEN FAMOUS EUROPEAN PLAYS, Compiled by Bennett A. Cerf and Van H. Cartmell, with an introduction by John Anderson. 1052 pp. Garden City Publishing Co., New York. \$1.98

In 1941, Bennett A. Cerf and Van H. Cartmell undertook a collection of "Sixteen Famous American Plays," followed in 1942 by a companion volume of "Sixteen Famous British Plays."

In making their selections they were governed by definite limitations, namely: only one play by an author; every selection to have had successful presentation on Broadway and the collection to include nothing earlier than the "eighties," the bulk of the plays, in fact, to be chosen from those of the last 10 years.

Their earlier collections, well received, were much more easily assembled than their task of selecting 16 European plays. Some of the greatest European plays, they note, have not been produced in this country. Many plays famed abroad are known only by name, if at all, in this country. There was also the difficulty of translation.

The plays they have chosen are the works of Norwegian, Russian, Czechish, German, French, Irish, Italian and Austrian dramatists. A number of the plays chosen have never appeared in any other anthology and one of them, "Grand Hotel," never before in print.

Here is the list of the plays which appear complete and unabridged in this theatrical treasure chest, a fitting companion volume to the earlier collections by the same editors:

"The Wild Duck," by Henrik Ibsen; "The Weavers," by Gerhardt Hauptmann; "The Sea Gull," by Anton Tchekov; "Cyrano de Bergerac," by Edmond Rostand; "The Lower Depths," by Maxim Gorky; "The Playboy of the Western World," by John Middleton Synge; "Anatol," by Arthur Schnitzler; "The Cradle Song," by G. Martinez Sierra; "Six Characters in Search of an Author," by Luigi Pirandello; "R.U.R.," by Karel Capek; "The Dybbuk," by S. Ansky; "Liliom," by Ferenc Molnar; "Grand Hotel," by Vicki Baum; "Tovarich," by Jacques Deval; "Shadow and Substance," by Paul Vincent Carroll, and "Amphitryon 38," by Jean Giraudoux.

Tribune Times

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE, Its First Hundred Years, by Philip Kinsley, Volume I, 1847-1865. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York. \$5.00.

The Chicago Tribune will be 100 years old June 10, 1947. A record of the paper's progress during the century is to be told in a series of volumes, of which this is the first. The concluding volume will be timed to coincide with the observance of the centennial in 1947.

THE QUILL for June, 1943

Book Bulletins

ROUND TRIP TO RUSSIA, by Walter Graebner. 216 pp. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia and New York. \$3.

This copiously illustrated book (there are 49 photos) on Russia is the work of Walter Graebner, veteran reporter for *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune*.

It is a penetrating, interesting and colorful story of life in Russia before, during and after the critical hours of the defense of Stalingrad last winter. He covered the visits of Winston Churchill and Wendell Willkie to Russia. He became familiar with life on the collective farms. Russian industry and the people. He tells of all this in absorbing fashion.

Americans must know Russia and the Russians better, for the future of the world largely depends upon the relations between the two countries. Books such as this will help Americans reach a better understanding of their Soviet allies.

★

MIRACLE IN HELLAS, by Betty Wason. 263 pp. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.75.

Sometimes a reporter has a story to tell—and then can't tell it as it should be told. Not so with Betty Wason, former Columbia Broadcasting System staff correspondent in Athens, Greece, former staff member of *McCall's* magazine and correspondent for *Newsweek* and *PM*.

The story of what happened in Greece as the Greeks defeated the invading Italians only to be overrun by the Nazi horde has been more or less neglected up to now as the spotlight played on the British, French, Dutch, Norwegians and the Far Eastern theater of the war.

What a story it is—of the almost unbelievable heroism and resistance of the liberty-loving Greeks amidst suffering, oppression and death. And what a splendid job Betty Wason does of telling it.

Take time out, we urge you, from reading of other aspects of the war to lend eye and ear to this chronicle of a people who deserve a better deal from fate than they have received. And you'll have a better idea than ever before of what a world under Nazi domination would be!

★

TRY-OUT IN SPAIN, by Cedric Salter. 291 pp. Harper & Brothers, New York and London. \$2.50.

Though the rest of the world—excepting Italy, Germany and Russia—appeared neither to know nor to care, World War II really began in Spain in 1936 when Franco and his Fascists revolted against the established government.

This is a human, personal, "I-was-there" account of what happened in Spain by a man who has been called "the most-chased-about of British correspondents."

Cedric Salter, born in Oxford in 1907, has had his full share of adventure in the years that have followed. From 1928 to 1935 he was advertising manager for several publications in the Balkans. He went to Spain to live in 1935 and in succession represented the *London Daily Telegraph*, the *London News-Chronicle*, and the *London Daily Mail*.

After leaving Spain, he served as a correspondent in Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, Persia, Burma, Sumatra, Singapore and India. He is now Turkish correspondent for the *Daily Mail* in Ankara.

Volume I, written by a scholar and reporter combined, is the work of Philip Kinsley. It covers the period from the founding of the paper in 1847 through the spring of 1865 to the end of the Civil War and the death of Lincoln. The story of the Tribune and of Lincoln are closely intertwined.

The history of a newspaper must be, by the very nature of things, a record of the times in which that paper functions.

So, in this story of the Tribune, there is also an historical account of the nation itself and of the part played in it by this particular paper. It also reflects the ebbies and currents of social evolution and change.

Newspapers are daily purveyors of history in the making—and their historical significance is being appreciated more each day.

This volume is similar in size, format and makeup to the well-written, well-edited history of the Cleveland Plain Dealer—"The Plain Dealer, 1842-1942, One Hundred Years in Cleveland"—which Knopf published in 1942.

It is to be hoped that similar volumes will be published for other papers that have reached or are nearing their centennials. It would make a series of social and historical significance.

Knopf also published "The Sunpapers of Baltimore, 1837-1937" and the enjoyable newspaper accounts of H. L. Mencklen of which "Heathen Days" is the most recent.

Initiated at Emory

W. F. Caldwell, southern manager of the *Associated Press*; John Fulton, program director of WGST, Atlanta; Lee Fuhrman, night city editor of the *Constitution*, and C. E. Gregory, political reporter of the *Atlanta Journal*, were initiated as professional members of the Emory University chapter Sigma Delta Chi, national professional journalism fraternity, recently.

Editing the Day's News

THIRD EDITION

BY BASTIAN & CASE

Used in newspaper copyreading and editing courses for 20 years, this standard college text has been revised, expanded and brought completely up to date by Mr. Case. It is a comprehensive introduction to newspaper copyreading, headline writing, illustration, makeup, and general newspaper methods, with sufficient material for two full semesters of work.

426 pp., Ill., \$3.50

The Macmillan Co.
60 Fifth Avenue, New York

Headline Hunters

[Concluded from page 14]

THERE are literally scores of others, including many youngsters who only a few years ago were in school.

John Henry, whose stories on the battle of Casablanca attracted wide attention; Graham Hovey, who accompanied some of the first American troops to go to Africa; Lowell Bennett; Jack Jarrell, now with the American fliers who are daily carrying the war to the Japs from China, are among those whose names are appearing daily over front line dispatches.

Rare Magazine Opportunity

Somewhere there's a seasoned newspaperman who likes desk work—who balances imagination with common sense. He thinks deeply, can do articles, rewrites, cutlines, even promotion copy with facility. He is alert, loyal, friendly—maybe a service club member. He wants a good inside job on a national magazine (Chicago).

If you're the one, send details including draft status to Box 1, The QUILL, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago.

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Order from Sigma Delta Chi, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill., or from the fraternity's official jeweler—

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AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

SECOND LIEUT. Eugene T. Newhall, who used to send in some swell specimens for the "Head Hunters" department (which we've had to neglect along with "As We View It" and other things recently), writes in interesting fashion from APO 937, c/o Postmaster, Seattle, Wash.

"It means a lot," he observes, "to know that cool, thoughtful heads are back there figuring things out and laying foundations in honest journalism for a rational postwar setup.

"I am making considerable use at present of what Mitch Charnley and others taught me at the University of Minnesota, but our assignments change, and we aren't to talk much about them in the first place; so are reduced to writing about the weather, which is censored; and how we like the show we saw last night, most of which is maudlin; what we're reading, which is manuals; and politics, on which my information can't keep pace with my feelings, and no way to know if my feelings coincide with Censor's.

"So let me just say again, keep up the good work of planning and taking the broad view and making facts make sense. We soldiers would feel terribly helpless if we didn't feel assured that there's a pretty good chance somebody back home will take hold and lasso the peace and start putting the proper brand on the critter while we're still out picking off the wolves."

And if a letter like that doesn't stir something in the hearts of older men

trying to keep the presses rolling for the duration we miss our guess!

FROM distant Rio de Janeiro, where he is a Y2/c in the office of the Naval Attache, Jack Hagerty (South Dakota State '41) sends a welcome letter to this department and the QUILL legion.

"I've received a couple of copies of THE QUILL during the past few weeks," he writes, "the first to reach me in some time, and I can't resist letting you know how much I've enjoyed them. It's like a familiar face from home to me—and, believe me, that's welcome if you haven't seen any of your prewar acquaintances for more than a year.

"In fact, THE QUILL invariably does bring familiar faces from the Madison, California and Des Moines conventions—Prof. Rogers and French in December and Gene Phillips and Irving Dilliard in January, for instance . . ."

It's letters like this that keep us at this job of trying to put together a good magazine each month. If you readers out there in all corners of the world really do get something worth while out of each issue we'll be more than repaid for any effort we may put forth.

C. E. BROUGHTON (Wisconsin Professional '35), editor and publisher of the Sheboygan (Wis.) Press since 1907, was the recipient in April, at Port Washington, of a hammered copper plaque presented by the postmasters of Ozaukee County. The presentation, made by Editor A. S. Horn, of the Cedarburg News, was for the publishing of a newspaper, welfare activities, conservation work and his interest in behalf of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

SDX's First Honorary President and His Godchildren



Hon. Chase S. Osborn, first national honorary president of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, is shown above with his two godchildren, William Randolph Cook III and Sally Rose Cook, children of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Marshall Cook, Hastings, Mich., and grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Muri H. DeFoe, Charlotte, Mich. An important new contribution to literary Americana has recently been made by Gov. Osborn and his daughter, Stellanova, by the publication of their monumental "Schoolcraft—Longfellow-Hiawatha," a volume of 700 pages.

THE QUILL for June, 1943

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We venture to say the helpful material you will find on your business and your very own job *in a single issue* will put you on that team of enthusiastic, regular E & P readers.

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*Survey under the direction of Charles L. Allen, Assistant Dean and Director of Research, Medill School of Journalism, Northwestern University.

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NOTE TO EDITORS — 19
Talugi dramatizes a postwar fact worth
noting... American products in use by
American armed forces abroad are creat-
ing a new world-wide appreciation for
"Made in U.S.A."

James W. Irwin
James W. Irwin
Monsanto - St. Louis



The little joke of Chief Talugi

Talugi remembered well the story of the Planter who had come years ago to live on this South Pacific island.

The Planter had put up a fine new bungalow, shipped ready-cut from Brisbane. Later, the Planter decided to hang some pictures in his living room. He drove a nail into the wall—*only to see nail, hammer and a section of the wall fly right on outdoors in a cloud of wood dust and pulp.* Queer things can happen to wood in the tropics where termites thrive.

So when the cheerful strangers in American uniforms first came to Chief Talugi's island more than a year ago, he tried to warn them. But they just grinned and said, "It's OK, Chief. It's OK." And kept right on erecting their portable houses of bonded plywood... "hutments," they called them.

That is why Talugi shrugged, and grinned right back, and waited. Until, months afterward, he said, "I show you something. Come see!" He paused beside one of the hutments, then launched a mighty blow at the wall. But, instead of a shell of wood, hollowed out by termites, Talugi's fist met solid plywood. The wall stood firm, while Talugi danced... in pained astonishment.

Poor Talugi! How was he to know about Permasan, the oil solution of pentachlorophenol, one of the many wood preservative chemicals produced by Monsanto? Nobody had told him such a chemical is used now for protection of army and navy mobile hutments.

But Talugi drew a happy moral from it all. He told the tribe that night; "See? Americans came prepared even for termites. Think what Japs up against!" If there's any other moral to Talugi's story it must be this—these new things we've learned about wood preservation on strange new battle fronts some day will mean added permanence and beauty and safety for *your* new home... the one you'll build with those War Bonds that you're buying now. MONSANTO CHEMICAL COMPANY, St. Louis.

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PLASTICS



"E" FOR EXCELLENCE—The Army-Navy "E" burgee with two stars, "representing recognition by the Army and the Navy of especially meritorious production of war materials" over a two-year period, flies over Monsanto.

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